

Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDA H. McGLONE GIBSON

PREPARING FOR SCHOOL

My mother and I decided that I should go to a nearby city in which was the preparatory school that she thought I had better attend.

Mother had already written to a very dear friend of hers, who had replied she would be glad to have me with her whenever I was ready to come.

My mother had not planned to send me so soon, but after she saw how badly I felt and how it would be a constant torture to my sensitive nature to mix with the boys and girls after I had learned the story of my life, she decided to send me immediately.

"Tell your Aunt Clara," said my mother, "and I hope you will call Mrs. Creighton Aunt Clara, as she has always been one of my best friends, that she is to buy whatever she thinks you need for your school year. She will know better than to do what to do for you, as I am out of touch with what a young woman needs at school."

Unconsciously, I straightened up. My mother had put me in the category of young women. I was a little girl no longer.

I do not remember very much more of our preparations. The only thing that comes to me after all these years is that it was a glorious moonlight night and my mother and I sat out upon our porch until very late. We said nothing, but I sat on a little stool at her feet with my head on her knee, while she held one of my hands close to hers. It must have been 11 o'clock when I recognized the whirr of Kenneth's roadster; heard the somewhat strident laugh of Grace Cameron. I knew that her laughter was largely forced in an effort to make me hear. I didn't move my head from my mother's knee, but as they passed, great sobs arose in my throat that I could not suppress.

My mother placed her hand upon my head, softly, tenderly. "Never

mind," she said and then she stopped quickly for a moment as I clasped her convulsively. "I know it's very silly, Ann dear, to tell you 'never mind.' It's one of those conventionally unthinking things that we say to people when we say 'don't cry.' We are all more or less selfish, honey in this world, and we don't mind at least, we don't think about the sorrow and grief and agony of others unless they bring it to our notice in some way and then because we are annoyed we say 'don't cry' and 'never mind.'"

"Of course, I know my dear, that you can't help minding, but you will not misunderstand me, I know, when I tell you that time is a great healer, especially when one is young. I hope, my dear child, that you will forget your childish admiration for Kenneth Halsey. I know, of course, the measure of his great personality. His father had it before him and it has descended in even greater degrees to his son. Because of this, Ann dear, I know that your little heart quivers at his smile and you feel, at this moment, as though all the world had forsaken you because while he knows that you are in trouble, he is having a very good time, with Grace Cameron."

"It's the world's way, dear child, and a way you will have to learn. No useless, but you will struggle and struggle into grief. He wants to share all his trouble with you, but seldom wants to sorrow when you sorrow. This is true in every case. I think he is right, my dear. There is enough individual martyrdom in this world without taking up anyone else's crosses."

While my mother was talking I had just one ray of happiness—I had not heard Kenneth's voice blending with Grace's laughter.

Tomorrow—Breaking Home Ties.
(Copyright National Newspaper Service.)

"Teachers Not Allowed to Think;" One of Them Diagnoses Trouble With Present-Day Education

NEW YORK—The trouble with schools and education in general today is that out of 25,000 teachers, 23 are allowed to think," says Henrietta Rodman, the teacher who, a few years ago, while teaching at Wadsworth high school, New York, got herself in the public eye by taking a stand against the time-honored opinion that teachers should not be mothers, also.

"A teacher should have personality," she continues, "liberty to think, and then go about it in her own way. A teacher is now both the voice of God, the stunner of the mechanical, and the student of the modern. Each teacher should be different in herself and herself, and teach accordingly."

Then, too, I believe in a great variety of teachers. Each child should pass through as many teachers' hands as the child has moods. And no teacher should stay in the room all the time, nor should the teacher's word be law.

Miss Rodman believes a teacher should never solve for a child what he must know for himself. In her conception classes should be made up of clubs, governed by the children. A teacher should be called in only as an expert adviser.

SOUL-STIRRING WORD

"Teaching in itself is one of the most beautiful and satisfactory contacts we have with the new generation," says Miss Rodman. "The word school should be a soul-stirring word, not the dead gray thing that it is."

There are seven steps in the development of the seven loves should be taught:

- First—self-love.
- Second—domestic love.
- Third—romantic love.
- Fourth—friendship.
- Fifth—patriotism.
- Sixth—love of humanity.
- Seventh—religion.

"We all have the first, most of us the second and third, the fourth to a certain degree, and the fifth as a sort of habit. Some attain the love of humanity, but few have the emotional mechanism required for the seventh—religion—a oneness with the universe. A teacher should be able to teach all that we know and cannot know."

NEW PROBLEM IN LIFE

"Education is on the struggle to live beautifully. What are we doing



The seven steps in the development of the seven loves should be taught in the modern school.

about it? Teaching Chinese ideals and perpetuating the past. Here am I still teaching the Sir Rodger de Coverly school, when I would like to be teaching Herick and Corrad and Chebbo—and I've been doing it for twenty years. When the schools first took up the De Coverly papers the ideal

was gentleness and simplicity; our vital problems now are both more dynamic and more complex. Yet we are still teaching pictures in class and less ancient history. Movies could be used, the most important class, in Miss Rodman's opinion, should be the class of politics. All grades should be the kind.

LITTLE BENNY'S Note Book

By LEE PAPE

Us fellows was standing around the lamppost talking about different subjects, and Skinny Martin came up all excited, saying, 'Hay fellows, holey smoke, wats you think, Sam Crosses cousin from the country has come to see him and they're around in Sam's yard now and Jimmy Krisemas, wats you think, he's a funny looking kid and his hair is parted rits in the middle, holey smoke fellows.'

The darn sassy, well wats you know about that? O wats car you best that, he must be a regular mama's boy, the darn sassy, all na fellows sed, and Puds Simkins sed, 'Lets go around and look inside him, we dont want any darn smokes around here, the darn sassy.'

Lets duck him under the hydrant, the darn sassy, sed Leroy Shoozer. Sounding like a pretty good idea, and we all went around to Sam Crosses back yard waiting noises like tuff guys, and I'll show you a thing or two, and we all climbed up and sat on the fence and some freckle face kid was in there watching Sam Cross how he box. Sam then standing there trying to keep from being hit and the freckle face kid jumping around quick as lightning and making his fists go fast like a tickle fighter, wats fellows thining, Gosh, Gosh, wats holey smoke.

Wich as soon as the freckle face kid saw us setting on the fence he came wits wits wits to jump around rits underneath, still making his fists saying, 'Well, wats you guys want? If any of you guys want a fite come on, and if you dont want a fite go the heck down off of that, fets before I pull you down.'

Wich we all got down aren, haffing as if we thater we wasa lert getting down because we felt like it, and went and started to stand around the lamppost again, and nobody hadent even noticed weather his hair was parted in the middle or not.

The title "Dams," which King George revived during the war, by conferring it upon Madame Meiba and Clara Butt, is supposed to be equal in rank to that of Knighthood for men.

Nearly 21 per cent of the stock of the Pennsylvania railroad is held by women.

quired in a meal. In this case the said gives the needed minerals.

PEACH SALAD.

1 large peach
1 package Neufchatel cheese
1 cup salted almonds
French Dressing
1 cup whipped cream
Pare peaches and cut in halves. Remove stone. Fill cavity with cheese. Put peach on a bed of lettuce hearts. Make a French dressing, using lemon juice in place of vinegar. Whip cream stiff and add dressing. Pour over peach and add almonds. The dressing should "mask" the peach and be heavy enough to hold the nuts. The salted nuts have more taste than plain blanched almonds.

RICE PUDDING.

1/2 cup rice
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups milk
1/2 cup seeded raisins
1/2 nutmeg, grated
1/2 teaspoon salt
Boil rice until tender. Drain and add butter. Beat eggs with sugar and salt until light-colored. Add milk and mix thoroughly. Stir in rice. Add raisins. Turn into a buttered baking dish and grate over nutmeg. Bake in a slow oven for 45 minutes. Misery loves company but never gets it.

TROUBLES FROM MY AGE

Mrs. Baney tells how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her Through the Change of Middle Life.

Rochester, Ind.—"My troubles were from my age and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully. I took doctor's medicine and other patent medicine but the Vegetable Compound has helped my nerves more than anything I have ever taken. I am thankful to the doctor who recommended it to me and will surely do my part in telling others what the medicine has done for me."

—Mrs. LITTLE BANAY, 468 East 9th St., Rochester, Indiana.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness should be heeded by middle-aged women and let Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carry them safely through this crisis as it did Mrs. Baney.

BY ALLMAN

Dorothy Dix Talks

THE FAMILY MARTYR.

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

A young woman was engaged to be married to a splendid young fellow who went to the war and did a man's part in it. He is back now and is pressing her to marry him, which she wants to do because they love each other dearly and long to make real the home of their dreams. But the woman's sister, who is a little older, has four children, and the girl's family tell her that it is her duty to give up her own happiness and devote her life to rearing these motherless little ones.

A woman, well in the thirties, has toiled like a slave ever since she was fifteen years old, to support a mother and sister who were unable to give the younger children the education and advantages she never had. Al though she earns a fine salary, she has never been able to get out of her old age, or even to indulge herself in any luxuries as she went along, because it took all she could make to give the others the things that they were bound to have. The sisters and brothers are now all grown and at work, or married, but they refuse to aid in supporting their mother, and still come home for the children's sister to support them when they are out of a job, or want to take a vacation without paying board.

A woman who is a heaven-born genius as a dressmaker and who could make her thousands every year in any city, lives in a small village where she works for a pitiful wage, which she mother, whom she has to support, will not leave her old home and her old friends and go to a strange place where she will have nobody with whom to gossip over the back fence.

The three women, who are the heroines of these domestic tragedies, ask me what they shall do, and whether they shall sacrifice themselves for their families or not.

I say no. I believe that nine times out of ten a sacrifice is not only made in vain, but that it is a waste of helps those whom it was destined to aid.

Especially does the domestic sacrifice breed selfishness and parsimony and turn its recipients into human ghoul who have neither compassion nor mercy upon the poor martyrs upon whose very life it is they live.

Think of the families you know in which there is some one poor creature who has sacrificed herself for the balance, and who is unthankful and unregarded, even despised, because she has not spirit enough to demand her rights.

Think of the poor shabby older sisters that you know who wear patched shoes, and yet are just as vain, so that their pretty young sisters may have silvers slippers to dance in and the latest thing in millinery. Think of the worn old women scattering-house keepers who know who work their fingers to the bones to keep husky lack playing on football teams in colleges.

Think of the old maid aunts who have given their youth to rearing other people's children, and who in their old age are regarded as burdens by the very nephews and nieces for whom they have sacrificed their lives! Think of the old maid daughters who have been slaves to tyrannical mothers who have foregone matrimony or the careers they might have had, to stay at home and coddle a cranky old woman's whims, and who are always speaking of as "poor Mary or poor Jane" and says that she never was brilliant like her other children!

The truth is that we wrap so much of the pink stuff of sentimentality around sacrifice, that we have lost sight of justice and common sense in the matter. Yet when all is said, why should one person be sacrificed to another? Why isn't one individual as

HEALTH

BY UNCLE SAM, M. D.

Health Questions Will Be Answered if Sent to Information Bureau, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

A FOOLISH THEORY.

It is a matter of daily occurrence to hear parents say that it is useless to keep their children away from their playmates who have any of the communicable diseases of childhood. In fact, some even expose their children to such diseases as the theory that it is better for the child to have the disease early in life, and he over with it. Nothing is more foolish than this theory. It is absolutely unnecessary for a child to have any of these, and it is a crime thus to expose them. These diseases are not the simple thing that many think. Each one is dangerous and frequently leads to death, or leaves victims with other disease conditions which remain with them for a long time and cause untold suffering.

Measles may be followed by a bronchitis or pneumonia, whooping cough by a bronchitis, pneumonia or heart disease and scarlet fever by disease of the heart or kidneys, or of the ears. The latter one of the most frequent causes of deafness in children. Therefore, it will be seen that children exposed to the "ORDINARY" diseases of childhood are not exposed to these diseases only, but to many other very serious and often fatal ones.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE STICKERY BURRS.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(By Howard R. Garis.)

Uncle Wiggly, the nice bunny rabbit gentleman, was walking through the woods one day, wondering whether or not he would have an adventure, when all of a sudden he heard some voices talking behind a sassafras bush.

"Won't she jump up as soon as she sits down?" asked one voice.

"Yes," agreed another. "And she'll squeal, and maybe she'll let us all go home and we won't have any more lessons."

But if she finds out who did it she won't let us go home," said a third voice behind the bush, and the other two burst into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, she won't find out!" spoke the first voice.

"No hum!" softly laughed Uncle Wiggly to himself. "The other side of the sassafras bush. These must be some of my animal boy friends, and they are talking about the lady mouse teacher in the hollow stump school. They must be going to play some trick on her, but what kind? I must find out and stop it if I can!"

Uncle Wiggly looked carefully through the bush, which did not have many leaves on as it was fall now, and he saw Jackie and Peetle Bow Wow, two puppy dog boys, and Sammie Littletail, the rabbit.

Lying on the ground, near the animal boys, was a school bag, and as Uncle Wiggly looked he could see a lot of stickery, prickly chestnut burrs. Jackie and Peetle Bow Wow had been off gathering chestnuts and they had put some of the sharp burrs in the bag.

"So that's what they're going to do, are they?" said Uncle Wiggly to himself. "They're going to put some of these stickery burrs in the chair of the lady mouse teacher, and when she sits down on them she'll be so surprised that she'll let school out, those mischievous animal boys think. Well, I'll just fool them and teach them as lesson."

All of a sudden Peetle Bow Wow cried:

"Come on, fellows, I see an apple tree! We've just time to get some before the last bell rings."

Away ran the animal boys, leaving behind them the bag of stickery burrs. Quickly coming out from behind the sassafras bush, Uncle Wiggly shook out the burrs, and, in their place, he put some beautiful autumn leaves that he had gathered for Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy.

"I can easily get more leaves for Nurse Jane," thought the bunny. "And when the animal boys open the bag and see the beautiful colors in place of the stickery burrs they'll feel ashamed of having thought to play a trick on the lady mouse teacher. But what shall I do with the burrs then? Can't find them again?" asked the bunny of himself.

Uncle Wiggly thought for a moment and then he took off his tail, silk hat and put the stickery burrs in it. But, so they would not prick his head, he stuffed in some soft leaves to form a sort of cushion.

Then laughing to himself, and leav-

ing the bag full of autumn leaves for the boys to take to school, the bunny hopped on.

Jackie, Peetle and Sammie will never notice that their trick burrs are gone until they get to school," thought the bunny, twinkling his pink nose.

On and on hopped Uncle Wiggly, over the fields and through the woods until, all of a sudden, just as he was thinking of gathering some more colored autumn leaves for Nurse Jane, out from behind a grape vine jumped a bad old bear. It was from behind a wild grape vine that the bear leaped, and this was most proper as the bear himself was rather wild.

"Ah, good afternoon, Uncle Wiggly," growled the bear. "Is not this a fine day?" and the wild bear opened his mouth and showed his teeth, and perhaps wider, for all I know.

"It would be a better day if I had not seen you," said the bunny gentleman, rather sad and unhappy like. "I suppose you think you are going to have a nibble off my ears now, or some part of me?" he asked, hoping against hope as it were.

"Indeed I am going to nibble you," said the bear, with a grin, as he went to be a low and polite bow.

And then Uncle Wiggly, not willing to let a wild bear be more polite than he, himself, reached his paw up to take off his tail silk hat, and make a low and polite bow in return. And as the bunny did that he happened to think of the sharp, stickery burrs in his hat.

"Oh, so you think you will nibble me, do you?" asked Uncle Wiggly, sarcastic like and sly. "Well, how do you like these?"

And with that the bunny took off his hat and threw right in the bear's face all the sharp, stickery chestnut burrs! Right on the sort and tender nose of the bear the burrs landed!

"Oh! Wow! Wow! Wow!" howled the bear. "Oh my nose. My nose! I guess I made a mistake. I don't want to nibble you today!"

"I thought not," said Uncle Wiggly, smiling as the bear rushed away through the woods. Then Uncle Wiggly hopped on, and pretty soon he met the lady mouse teacher, Jackie and Peetle Bow Wow, Sammie Littletail, and some of the other animal children.

"Why is school out so early, Miss Lady Mouse?" asked the bunny.

"Oh, Jackie and Peetle and Sammie brought me such lovely colored autumn leaves in a bag that I decided we would have no more school today, but would take a walk in the woods," spoke the lady mouse teacher. "Wasn't it good of them to bring me the lovely leaves, Uncle Wiggly?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered the bunny, and he winked one eye at the three animal boys.

So that's how the trick was played on the lady mouse teacher, and how Uncle Wiggly with the stickery burrs drove away the bear. And if the ironing board doesn't slide down the stairs all by itself and bump its nose into the black coal bin, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and the grapes.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

EVERYBODY HELPS.

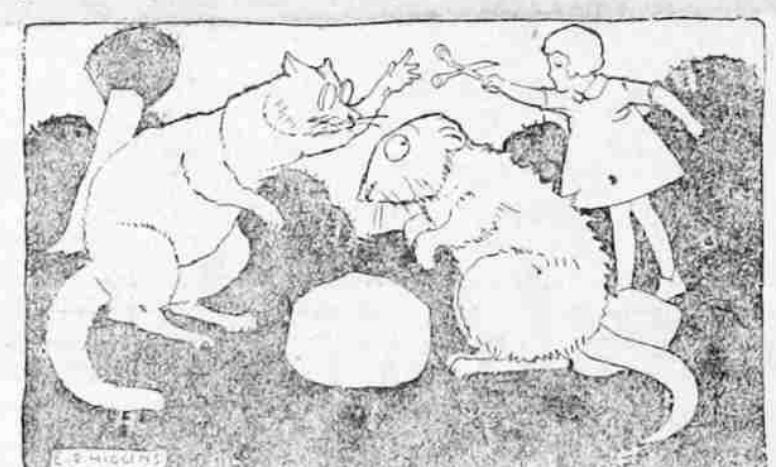
"You'll all have to help me to cure Markie Muskrat!" said Dr. Mink when he had examined Markie to see why he couldn't move. You know when Markie was to go up front in the Meadow Grove school and say his piece because company was there, he couldn't budge. Why? Because he'd cut down on his chewing gum. But nobody knew it, certainly not Mr. Scribble Scratch, the fairy schoolmaster.

highest cornstalk in the sweet patch, pick the largest grain of corn, and bring in here!"

Judge Crow agreed at once and flew right out.

Mr. Double U. Chuck was sent for sassafras root, and off he went. Scamper Squirrel was to hunt the least prickly chestnut burr he could find. Cutie Cottontail was to get a lettuce leaf.

Flop Fieldmouse was to bring a



"Quick," cried Dr. Mink, "let me have your scissors."

"Yes, yes!" cried everybody eagerly. "We'll help you."

"Well," said Dr. Mink, "as this strange disease is so hard to cure, I'll need a great many things. First of all, Mr. Scribble Scratch, will you please go out and watch the tin rooster on Farmer Smith's barn for five minutes and then come and tell me if the wind changes?"

Mr. Scribble Scratch said he certainly would, and vanished.

"Next," said Dr. Mink, "Judge Crow, will you please go and measure the wheatstalk. Muff Mole, some moss, and Chip Chipmunk, buckwheat. Sar Ann Spider and Freddie Frog were to bring a fly apiece if they could find any—not counting Buddy Blue Bottle.

Pretty soon Meadow Grove School was as empty as if it were Saturday, except for Nancy, Dr. Mink, and poor Markie Muskrat himself.

"Quick," cried Dr. Mink when the last pupil had disappeared. "Let me have your scissors, Nancy!"

Nancy handed them over, and snip, snip, snip! Markie was free at last.

Sister Mary's Kitchen

October is the month to put in winter potatoes or at least order them from the farmer.

Learn something about the varieties of potatoes and the soil in which they were grown. There is all the difference in the world between a potato grown in California and one grown in Michigan or the middle west.

For my own use, I like medium-sized potatoes best. An extra large potato has no great virtue. In fact it is apt to be hollow in the center. Smooth-skinned, even-shaped, medium-sized potatoes are best for cooking.

MENU FOR TOMORROW.

Breakfast—Stewed prunes, cereal with top milk, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Peach salad, hot rolls and butter, rice pudding, tea.

Dinner—Clear soup, croquettes, stuffed breast of veal, beans in orange sauce, pumpkin pie, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES.

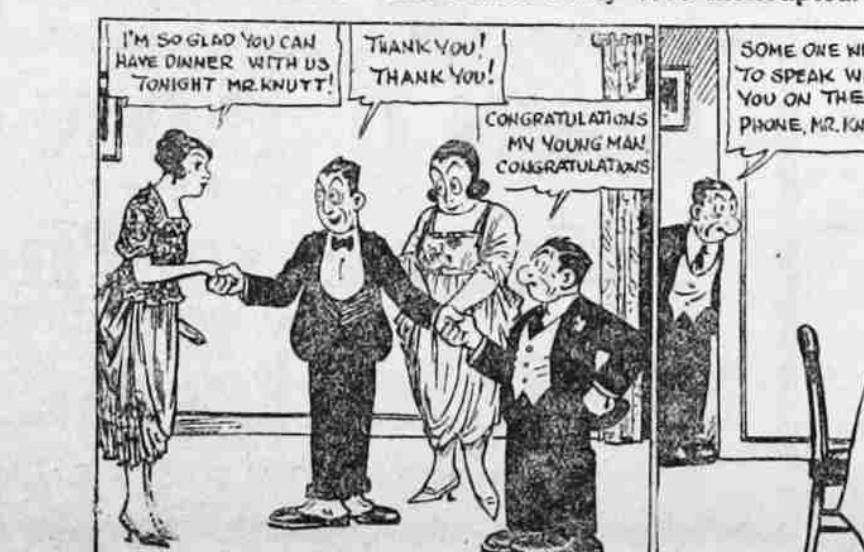
In this luncheon menu the real nourishment is supplied in the rice pudding. Rice pudding offers almost all the food elements except minerals, re-

"DANDERINE"

Stops Hair Coming Out; Doubles Its Beauty.

A few cents buys Danderine. After an application of Danderine you can not find a fallen hair or any dandruff, besides every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and thickness.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—The Dinner Party Was Interrupted.



THIS IS CLARK, YOUR ROOMMATE



I'M AWFULLY SORRY BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME—THE VICE PRESIDENT OF ONE OF OUR BANKS



THEY MUST WANT A NIGHT WATCH-MAAN!

